

teeth

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Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	No Archive Warnings Apply , Underage Sex
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	The School for Good and Evil - Soman Chainani , The School for Good and Evil (Film)
Relationship:	Rafal/Sophie (The School for Good and Evil)
Characters:	Rafal (The School for Good and Evil) , Sophie (The School for Good and Evil)
Additional Tags:	extended scene from the movie , extremely Fucked Up dynamics at play , Grooming , Isolation , older man younger woman , i assumed both were 18+ but if wrong can update tags , either way its Bad , PIV Sex , basically rafal gets his kiss and then way more , he is EVIL ok come on , again if this is not ur vibe leave NOW , it is fucked up!! that's the point!! , Now updated tags to add underage bc the actors are adults but sophie may not be
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by [brainyisalwayssexy](#)

Summary

It's *hunger* that survives everything, he'd told her once. Not people.

She can feel it now, on his tongue. The hunger that comes from a thousand years of longing.

Sophie *wants* that from him, more than anything. Wants to be consumed, to be devoured whole, the way shadow keeps light by swallowing it.

Rafal x Sophie. In which the giant floating pen isn't also a massive cockblock, and the Evil Powers don't fucking kick in immediately like a light switch.

Alternatively titled, Desk Scene (Rafal's Edition)

Notes

If you haven't caught a hint as to where this is going, do me a favor and BOUNCE NOW. It's creepy, it's fucked up. That's kind of the point. If you need me to explicitly spell out that all of this is CLEARLY NO BUENO, you need to find something else to read.

If you somehow made it this far: okay, that's it! Enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

In the end, there's no excuse for what happens except *want*.

Want, so thick and heady and all-consuming, Sophie thinks she could very well sink her teeth into it.

She's never *truly* known what that meant before, not really. Not like *this*.

Rafal's mouth on hers is that final missing piece. A secret code, a key, unleashing a depth of longing like no other.

And it's not just her, either. No, she can feel it from *him*, too. It's in the way he groans low in his throat, the way he suddenly tightens his grip on her cheek.

He breaks away for a moment only to pull her closer, one arm snaking around her waist and pulling her into him. Greedy, *so* greedy, but he cannot be anything else. And she would not have him *be* anything else.

Sophie takes him in — tall, imposing, *gorgeous*. Breathing hard, just as she is.

The sordid details of what he's done in the past — of what very well might happen *next* — should terrify her. Instead, hot flames lick at her insides, sending a thrill up her spine.

She wants more, more, *more* of him. Her prince. Her one true love.

He smells of musk and rising smoke, of metallic rain after a heavy storm. His voice softened to a low burr, yet striking as a thunderclap.

My queen, he whispers, and there's something dark stained into his words. A vow, a promise, of sorts. One rough thumb, grazing her lower lip in slow, agonizing reverence.

She doesn't know what possesses her to do it, in that moment. Where she finds the courage, even in the haze of her want.

Slowly, *deliberately*, she licks his thumb. Closes her lips around him, tasting the salt of his finger.

(Watches the way his gaze visibly darkens as he watches her do it, red eyes flickering with something unreadable.)

Rafal removes his hand, and for a brief, fleeting moment she's worried she's made a *terrible* mistake.

But those thoughts leave her mind when she hears him growl, feels his other arm go around her.

He picks her up, then. Carries her to the headmaster's table — no, *his* table, she thinks faintly — and has scarcely set her back down before he's feverishly kissing her again, coaxing her mouth open beneath his.

With each passing moment, his once carefully-maintained veneer of control seems to unravel at the seams. Gone is the elegance and controlled restraint of earlier. It's been replaced entirely by movements that are frantic, greedy, *furious*: his hands tracing up her frame and cupping at her breasts, pulling her close, making her gasp beneath him.

Sophie's never felt desired like this. *Never*.

It's *hunger* that survives everything, he'd told her once. Not people.

She can feel it now, on his tongue. The hunger that comes from a thousand years of longing.

Sophie *wants* that from him, more than anything. Wants to be consumed, to be devoured whole, the way shadow keeps light by swallowing it.

So she goes after it. Winds a hand in his gorgeous hair and *tugs*. Bites at his lower lip and revels in the low, breathy groan she receives in response.

Rafal meets her in turn. She doesn't remember spreading her legs, but he hooks one hand behind her knee and pulls her closer still, moving his hips against hers in a steady rhythm, one that leaves *her* moaning instead.

He breaks away from her mouth, just when she thinks she can't take it any longer, only to put one hand in her hair and pull it sharply, exposing her neck to him. He leaves slow, biting kisses down its length, across her collarbone, and down her chest. It's an act that should definitely qualify as cruel and unusual torture on its own, but between the continued movement of his hips against hers and his warm breath on her neck, Sophie can feel the heat, the *tension* in her body winding like a coil, ready to snap.

She *knows* what comes, after this. *Wants it* to happen, more than anything else.

But she doesn't know how to tell him that. Doesn't know if it already shows, through the way she moans and whimpers and sighs beneath him.

Evidently, he takes the hint. Breaks away, at last, and places one hand carefully on her knee.

"Do you want this?" he murmurs, and she's flooded with relief and desire in equal measure.

"Yes, Rafal," she gasps, because she's *gone*, she's *so* far gone, and if she doesn't have him *right now* she thinks she might actually have to kill something.

His hips jerk against hers again, and she finds herself moaning plaintively at the movement, leaving herself entirely at his mercy.

Rafal draws closer, then. Lowers his lips to the side of her head.

"I want you to forget *everything* that's ever come before this," he rasps into her ear. "Every silly boy who ever smiled at you, looked at you, *flirted* with you, before this."

He squeezes her ass, and she cries out again, in spite of herself.

“I want you to forget everyone and everything but *me*,” he finishes quietly. “*Do you understand?*”

“Yes, yes, *yes*,” she promises him, breathless. “*Help me forget.*”

She doesn’t have to tell him twice. In one fluid motion, he reaches beneath her skirts and rips her tights. Sophie gasps at the sudden movement and he silences her with a searing kiss, one that manages to somehow wipe all other thoughts from her mind, even as his skillful fingers hook into her panties and push them to one side.

And she *should* be embarrassed by how wet and needy she is, how *desperately* she wants this. How it must all appear to him, a man who’s hundreds of years older than her and more experienced in every single way, but she *can’t* find it in herself to think any of those things. Instead, she kisses him back frantically, blindly pushes his coat off his shoulders so it falls to the ground with an unceremonious clatter.

They’re close, *so* close now. Rafal pulls away and undoes his own belt buckle, but his dark eyes never leave hers.

Then, without further wait or warning — not so much as a *word*, really — he pulls her close and presses himself completely into her.

She gasps when she feels him enter her. It’s painful, as she’d heard it could be, but she doesn’t realize how *much* until he kisses away a tear that has rolled down her cheek.

He doesn’t apologize or make excuses — why would he? — just waits until she’s had a moment to adjust to the feeling of him inside her, as the sharp pain slowly subsides and a low thrum of *want* replaces it, instead.

Sophie squirms a little, rocks her hips against his tentatively. “I’m fine,” she gasps out, wondering if it’s supposed to *feel* like this, if maybe *she’s* doing something wrong, “— *really...*”

And that, of course, is when he finally *moves*. Slow, almost gentle, at first, and then decidedly less so.

Oh, oh, *oh*. So *that’s* what it’s supposed to feel like.

It’s all she can do to just hold onto him, both arms wrapped around his neck, as he finally moves inside her, thrusting hard, without mercy. He’s got his hands on her hips, teeth bared, as he takes and takes and *takes* from her.

And yet. All she can focus on is how *good* it feels, how wonderful and terrible and *gorgeous* he is, as each wave of pleasure builds on the last.

It’s too much, she thinks. *It could never be enough.*

A deep thrust pushes her out of her own head, forces her to gasp his name again. “*Rafal...*”

“My *bride*,” he murmurs, drawing close, and she can’t help the feeling it stirs in her, the dark possessiveness in his voice. “You’re mine now.”

His. And he, hers. Something she’d *never* known she’d needed, and now cannot imagine being without.

Rafal tips her chin up towards him. Rasps out some last words that are as much a statement as a promise, right before he crushes his mouth to hers once more —

“*Welcome to Never After.*”

End Notes

The line '*the way shadow keeps light by swallowing it*' is a slight paraphrasing lifted from the Ocean Vuong quote '*the way light keeps shadow by swallowing it*'-- but switched around.

If you liked, please leave a comment! Thank you 😊 🙏

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